

# **Lover(boys)**

**VampireSerana**

## Lover(boys) by VampireSerana

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Abusive Parents (mentioned), Banter, Cuddling & Snuggling, Established Relationship, Fluff, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Sleepy Cuddles, Swearing, not much of a plot but a bunch of cute shit happens so, overuse of your mom jokes via Richie

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, mentions of the other losers - Character

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

Romeo, Romeo, what the fuck are you doing climbing up my window at 2am?

# 1. Let Me In, Bitch

## Author's Note:

because Richie and Romeo both start with R

*Rapt Rapt Rapt.*

*Rapt Rapt Rapt.*

The quick series of knocks against his window caused Eddie to tense, cold fear shooting like ice through his veins.

*Rapt! Rapt! Rapt!*

The knocks happened again, harder than they were before. Shaking a little bit, Eddie forced himself to go towards the window and slowly peek behind the curtain. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw eyes widened by glasses staring back at him.

Opening the window, Eddie let Richie tumble in, Richie landing not so gently against the floor.

“Be quiet, dumbass!” Eddie yelled in a whisper, fighting against the smile forming on his lips as Richie swore from the pain. “If you wake my mom up she’ll fucking kill me!”

Richie looked up at him, a shit eating grin on his face. “I’ll be sure to put her back to sl-” He was cut off by a pillow being thrown directly at his face.

“Beep beep, Richie.” Eddie said as he sat down cross legged on the edge of his bed. Richie got up, grabbing the pillow and shoving it into Eddie’s face as he bounced onto the bed, kicking his feet up and laying on his back.

Eddie looked down at his boyfriend, a small, unknown smile naturally gracing his lips as he observed Richie shuffling around and getting comfortable on his bed. Eddie moved so he was leaning back against the wall, Richie’s outstretched legs resting over his.

"You know," Eddie started, grabbing Richie's hand so he could play with his fingers. "you could at least call me before you decide to creep up to my window like some weirdo stalker." His tone was teasing, they both knew Richie didn't plan things like this. It was moreso spur of the moment decisions. He never really minded Richie's surprise late night visits, anyways. It was always hard to be alone since the summer, for all of them.

"It's not as fun without surprising you, my dear. And you sure are cute when you're surprised, Eds!" Richie reached out to one of pinch Eddie's cheeks, causing him to flush a deep red colour. He was still getting used to Richie complimenting him and knowing he actually meant it as opposed to just saying it to get a rise out of him.

Eddie went to whack Richie's hand away, but then decided to just take the hand in his smaller one and grasp it. "Don't call me that." He grumbled, letting his torso fall beside Richie's and leaning his head on Richie's shoulder.

"You love it." Richie grinned, turning his head to give Eddie a small kiss on the cheek. Eddie didn't respond, just hummed as Richie started to stroke his hair.

After a few moments of silence, Richie, unsurprisingly, spoke up again. "Do you ever think about how grass feels when we walk over it?"

"Go the fuck to sleep Richie."

"No, no, just think about it for a second. Imagine someone fucking walking all over you when all you're trying to do it grow. It's fucked up man. It's as fucked up as your mom was-"

"Richie I swear to fucking god-" Eddie leaned up and rolled on top of Richie, leaning his chest against his and trapping his legs between his own.

Richie smirked up at him. "Wow, Eds, at least take me out to dinner first."

"If you don't shut the fuck up I'm throwing you out the goddamn

window.”

“I’d like to see you try, you can barely fucking reach it.” Richie said with a snort.

Eddie glared at him, suddenly grabbing at Richie’s legs and trying to lift him up. When the fuck did he get so damn heavy?

“Woah, woah, Hercules, no need to get feisty now.” Richie giggled as Eddie tried, and failed, to lift him off the bed. Richie gently grabbed at Eddie’s arms, preventing him from continuing his assault on his legs. Richie pulled on Eddie’s arms until they were face to face and chest to chest.

Eddie leaned his head into the crook of Richie’s neck and let out a prolonged groan. “You’re an asshole and I hate you.” He mumbled.

Richie hummed in response. “That’s not what your mom said last night.”

Eddie responded by playfully biting at Richie’s neck, sucking at the skin to create a dark red mark. It was mostly just to piss Richie off, give him something to bitch about before he left through the window in the morning, only to come back in through the front door when Mrs. K. would be awake.

Richie scrunched up his nose at this, craning his neck away and wiggling from under Eddie. “Don’t leave maaarks!” He whined, wanting to push Eddie away but also really liking the feeling of the other boy’s warmth and weight on top of him. “Last time you pulled that shit I didn’t hear the end of it from Bev and Mike.”

Eddie stopped his attack on Richie’s neck to look up at him with a glint in his eye. “Serves you fucking right, do you know how much Stan gets on my ass ever since I started dating you?”

“He’s just mad he’s not the one getting laid.”

Eddie snorted, now moving to tuck his head beneath Richie’s chin. “Are we done fucking around now? Unlike you I actually give a shit about not being late tomorrow.”

“Baby,” Richie says in a shitty voice that Eddie guesses is supposed to

be some type of suave Elvis-like character. "I'm never done fucking around with you." Despite his words, Richie wraps his arms around Eddie's midsection, rubbing soothing circles on his hip.

Eddie rolled his eyes but didn't say anything else, just focused on the rise and fall of Richie's chest underneath his, his warm hands rubbing his cold skin, and the strong heartbeat right beside his ear.

"Goodnight, loverboy." Richie said, sleep starting to take him over as well. Soon, both boys were passed out on Eddie's small bed, wrapped up in each other's arms.

## 2. Why The Fuck Is The Alarm Going Off At 5AM?

### Notes for the Chapter:

i decided to continue it lmao

*Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Be-*

Eddie slammed his hand against his alarm clock blaring obnoxiously loud. Why the fuck was his alarm going off on a Sunday?

He looked at the time. 4:51AM. What the fuck.

Richie stirred from under him, groaning as his eyes fluttered open. Eddie glared at him. “What’s up with the alarm?” He asked.

Richie rubbed his eyes with the back of his palms. “It’s for when I need to fuck your mom.”

He still wasn’t really awake enough to feel the pain from the kick against his shin. But he still felt something enough to make him cringe.

“Fine, I thought it was Monday and I’d have to run home and grab my shit. Sorry, Eds.” He was lying through his teeth, obviously.

Eddie narrowed his eyes. “You’d have to run home at five in the fucking morning? You live a block away!” Eddie got cranky when his

sleep was interrupted, Richie should have known better!

Richie sighed. He really didn't want to talk about this right now. "Just go back to sleep, Eds." He made an attempt to pull Eddie back on top of him, wrapping his arms securely around the boy's smaller frame and nuzzling against his hair.

Eddie wiggled out, rolling off of Richie and lying on his side, facing him. "Bullshit, Rich, there's something else. Spill it."

"Fuck off." He spat, more aggressively than he intended. He immediately grimaced. "Sorry, babe, it's just the regular bullshit with my mom and shit... I don't wanna talk about it."

Eddie's face softened as he hugged Richie close, wrapping his arms around his neck, hands going to play with his hair. "You know you can talk to me about anything, right?"

Richie nodded against his neck. "Yeah... I know. I just, I just don't like talking about this shit, ya know? I'd rather forget about it." He let out an unsteady breath, using Eddie to ground himself.

Eddie sniffled, fighting back tears. He felt bad, though, he wasn't the one that should be crying. He felt like a pussy, weak and useless, he couldn't even comfort his own fucking boyfriend.

Richie didn't deserve to have to deal with that bitch all the time. Richie deserved so much love and appreciation and care. No matter



how much of an asshole he was, he was still his Richie. He was still the Losers Club's Richie. He was always there for all of them when shit hit the fan, they all were.

“...I love you, you know.” Eddie's voice was barely above a whisper.

Richie grinned, seemingly back to normal as he pinched Eddie's cheeks. “I love ya too, my darling Eddie spaghetti!”

“Nevermind, I fucking hate you.” He said with no malice, grinning like an idiot at his adorable, dorky, dumbass boyfriend.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if Richie could make the :3c face irl he fucking would

### 3. When ur teacher gives u a last minute test and ur trying to study but ur bf is being an adorable asshole

#### Notes for the Chapter:

im back bitch

Richie sat upside down on Eddie's bed, hair falling back and swaying against the carpeted floor.

"Baaaaaaaabe..." He whined, desperate to get Eddie's attention.

Eddie sighed from where he was seated on the floor, textbook on his lap and notes spread out hazardously all over the floor. "Fuck off Richie." He said quickly, eyes darting from paragraph to paragraph of the boring, mindless text in front of him. He was far too distracted to absorb any of the information he was reading, and Richie being an annoying little shit definitely wasn't helping, not one bit.

After kicking Richie out of his bedroom a couple hours after their rude awakening so his mom wouldn't find the boy and have a heart attack, they two of them had biked their way to school together to meet up with the other Losers.

The day was rather uneventful, except their history teacher decided to drop the news that they had a test the next day, fucking amazing.

So now here they were again, lying on the floor in Eddie's room, textbooks and papers scattered around the floor in a messy array that Richie was *convinced* had some sort of order he could make sense of.

Not that it mattered, because he was too busy hanging off of Eddie's bed like some sort of bat. If that bat was an asshole. A cute asshole, but a fucking asshole nonetheless.

"But I'm boooored." He huffed, cheeks puffing out adorably. Not that Eddie could see, with his eyes forcibly glued to that fucking textbook. He could practically see the strain going on in his mind.

Eddie rolled his eyes at his boyfriend's whining, the text in front of him giving him a headache. In a sign of defeat, he flopped backwards onto the floor beside Richie's head, book falling out of his lap with a thump.

Richie turned to give him a shit eating grin. "Hey beautiful, glad you finally decided to join me." He wiggled his eyebrows at Eddie, quickly placing a sloppy kiss on his cheek.

Eddie crinkled his nose in somewhat faked, somewhat genuine disgust. He was by far used to how gross Richie could be, but it still unsettled him to some degree no matter how much he tried to convince himself otherwise.

"It isn't fair." Eddie said flatly.

"What isn't fair? The unfortunate size of your di-agh!"

Eddie reached up and pinched Richie's nose before he could finish his sentence, making his voice sound just as nasally and nerdy as he looked.

"Beep beep, Richie." He said with a snicker, removing his hand. "What I was *going* to say," He said with a glare. "Is that it's bullshit that you don't even look at your damn book and still manage to get basically all As."

Richie sighed dramatically, suddenly pulling himself up and turning his body again to sit cross legged on the edge of Eddie's bed. "What can I say? I have beauty, brains, *and* humour."

When Eddie gave him a blank faced stare, Richie burst into giggles, reaching down to pinch Eddie's cheeks. "Come on, Eds! Ya love me!" He exclaimed, making a kissy face and noises to go along with it.

Eddie slapped his hands away, turning away to avoid more attacks to his face, but still leaning the side of his head against one of Richie's bony knees.

"It's just bullshit, Rich. Share some of your natural ability to remember worthless shit about wars." He grumbled, sighing in content as Richie placed one of his hands in his soft hair and gently massaging his scalp.

Richie snorted. "Yeah, let me head down to the necromancer down the street."

“Necromancers raise the dead, dipshit.”

“I’m not a nerd like you, Eds, I wouldn’t know.”

“Oh, fuck you.”

“When and where?” Richie said, tugging on Eddie’s hair to get him to look up at him, just so he could watch him wiggle his eyebrows in a ridiculously over exaggerated way.

“With that attitude, nowhere and never.”

“You wound me, darling!” Richie started in a shitty british accent, covering his heart with his hands with a, as usual, overdramatically hurt look on his face.

Eddie tried his best to suppress his grin, picking himself up off the floor to jump up on the bed beside his boyfriend, lying back to his head was now resting in Richie’s lap, and moving Richie’s hands so they were running through his hair again.

“Wake me up in an hour.” He said simply, closing his eyes.

“What the fuck? You’re just going to take a fucking nap?”

“Yeah, I’m sleeping off all of your bullshit. Also, sleep apparently helps you absorb information. So maybe I’ll wake up smarter.”

“It doesn’t work like that. Like, not at all, you dumbass.”

“Whatever, I’m tired as hell because *someone* set a god damn alarm at 5 in the fucking morning.”

“I woke up at the same time and I’m not fucking napping in the middle of the afternoon.”

Instead of responding farther, Eddie just turned to snuggle into Richie’s thigh, humming gently. Richie huffed, but did manage to shut up for long enough that Eddie could fall into a light sleep, the feeling of Richie’s fingers combing through his hair comforting him.

He could study when he woke up, eventually.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

plot? wtf is a plot lmao